THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

Compyled into meeter,
By Captaine *Alexander Montgomerie.*

EDINBVRGH
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A sweete Sonnet to the blessed Trinitie.

By C. A. M.

SVpreme Essence, beginner, unbegun,
Ay Trinal One, and undivided three
Eternal word, that victory hath won
Ou'r death, ou'r Hel, triumphing on the tree,
Fore-knowledge, Wisedome, and Al-seeing eye
IEHOVA, Alpha, and Omega all,
Like unto none, and none like unto Thee,
Vnmov'd, moving the Rounds about the Ball,
Conteiner, unconteind, is, was, and shal,
Be sempiternal, merciful, and iust,
Creator, uncreated, now I call,
Teach mee thy truth, sith unto thee I trust.
Increase, confirme, and kindle from above,
My faith, myne hope, but by thy love my love.

Tri-uni Deo Gloria.

THE *CHERRIE* AND THE *SLAE*.

About a Bank with balmie bewes,
where nightingals their nots renews
With gallant Goldspinks gay,
The Mavise, *Mirle*, and *Progne* proud
The Lintwhite, Lark and Laverock loud,
Saluted mirthful *May*.
When *Philomel* had sweetly sung,
To *Progne* she deplored,
How *Tereus* cut out her tongue,
And falsely her deflorde.
Which storie, so sorie,
To shew ashamd she seemde,
To heare her, so neare her,
I doubted if I dream'd.

2

The Cushat crouds the Corbie cries,
The Cuckow couks, the pratling Pyes,
To geck her they begin.
The Largoun, or the iangling Iayes,
The craiking Crawes the keckling Kayes,
They deav'd me with their din.
The painted Pawne with *Argoes* eyes,
Can on his Mayock cal,
The Turtle wailes on withered trees,

And Echo answered all.
Repeiting, with greiting,
How faire *Narcissus* fell,
By lying, and spying,
His shadow in the Well.

3

I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare,
In hidlings hirpling heere and there,
To make their morning mange,
The Con, the Conny, and the Cat,
Whese dainty downes with dew were wat,
With stiffe mustaches strang,
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
The Fulmart and false Foxe,
The bearded Buck clamb up the brae,
With birsie Baires and Brocks,
Some feeding, some dreading,
The Hunters subtile snares.
With skipping and tripping,
They plaid them all in paires.

4

The aire was sober soft and sweet,
But mistie vapours wind and weet.
But quyet calme and cleare.
To foster *Floras* fragrant flowres,
Whereon *Apollos* paramours,
Had trinckled many a teare.
The which like silver shakers shynde.
Imbrodering beauties bed.
Wherewith their heavy heads declinde,
In Mayes colours clad.

Some

Some knopping, some dropping,
Of balmie liquor sweet,
Excelling, in smelling,
Through *Phœbus* wholsome heat.

5

Mee thought an heavenly heartsome thing,
Where dew like Diamonds did hing,
Ou'r twinckling all the trees.
To study on the flourishde twists,
Admiring natures aleumists,
Laborious busie Bees.
Whereof some sweetest hony sought,
To stay their lives to sterve,
And some the waxie vessels wrought,
Their purchase to preserve.
So heaping for keeping,
In it their hyves they hide.
Precisely, and wisely,
For winter they provide.

6

To pen the pleasures of that *Parke*,
How every blossome, branch, & bark,
Against the Sun did shine,
I passe to Poets to compile,
In high heroick stately stile,
Whose Muse surmatches mine.
But as I looked mine alone,
I saw a river rinne,
Out ou'r a steepie rock of stone.
Syne lighted in a linne.
With tumbling, and rumbling,
Amongst the Roches roune.

Devalling, and falling,
Into a pit profound.

7

Through routing of the river rang,
The Roches founding like a sang,
Where Descant did abound.
With Treble Tenor, Counter, *Meene*,
An echo blew a Basse between,
In *Di*apason sound.
Set with the C-sol-fa-uth cleife,
With long and large at list,
With Quaver, Crotchet, *S*emi-briefe,
And not a *M*inim mist,
Compleetly, and sweetly,
*S*he sirdound flat and sharp.
Than Muses, which uses,
To pin *Apollos* harpe.

8

Who would have tyr'd to heare that tone,
Which birds corroborate ay abone,
With layes of lovesome Larks.
Which climb so high in Christal skyes
While *Cupid* wakned with the cryes,
Of natures chappel Clarks.
Who leaving al the heavens above,
Alighted on the eard,
Lo how that litle Lord of love,
*B*efore me there appeard.
So mild-like, and child-like,
With bow three quarters skant
Syne moylie, and coylie,

Hee looked like a Sant.

9

A cleanly crispe hang over his eyes,
His Quaver by his naked thyes,
Hang in a silver laee,
Of gold betweene his shoulders grew,
Two pretty wings wherewith he flew:
On his left arme a brace.
This god soone off his geare he shook
Vpon the grassie ground:
I ran as lightly for to looke,
Where ferlies might be found.
Amazed I gazed,
To see his geare so gay,
Perceiving, mine having,
He counted mee his prey.

10

His youth and stature made mee stout,
Of doubleneſse I had no doubt,
But bourded with my Boy,
Quoth I, how call they thee my child,
Cupido sir (quoth he) and smilde.
Please you mee to imploy.
For I can serve you in your sute,
If you please to impire,
With wings to flee, and shafts to shute,
Or flames to set on fire.
Make choise then, of those then,
Or of a thousand things
But crave them, and have them,
With that I woo'd his wings.

11

What would thou give my heart (quoth he)
To have these wanton wings to flee,
To sporr thy sprite a while?
Or what if love should send thee heere,
Bow, quaver, shafts, and shooting geare,
Some body to beguile.
This geare (quoth I) cannot be bought,
Yet I would have it faine,
What if (quoth he) it cost thee nought,
But rendring all againe.
His wings then, he brings then,
And band them on my back,
Goe flye now (quoth he) now,
And so my leave I take.

12

I sprang up with *Cupido's* wings,
Whose shots and shooting geare resignes,
To lend me for a day.
As *Icarus* with borrowed flight,
I mounted higher than I might,
Ou'r perilous a play.
First foorth I drew the double dart,
Which sometimes shot his mother,
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
In hope to hurt another.
It hurt me, or burnt mee,
While either end I handle,
Come see now, in mee now,
The Butterflee and candle.

As

13

As ſhe delites into the low,
So was I browden of my bow,
As ignorant as ſhe,
And as ſhe flyes while ſhe is fir'de
So with the dart that I deſirde,
*M*ine hands hath hurt mee to.
As fooliſh *Phaeton* by ſute,
His fathers chaire obtainde,
I longed in loves bow to ſhoote,
Not marking what it mean'de.
*M*ore wilful, than skilful,
To flee I was ſo fond,
Deſiring, impyring,
And ſo was ſeene upond.

14

*T*oo late I knew who hewes too high,
The ſpaile ſhal fall into his eye,
*T*oo late I went to ſchooles,
Too late I heard the ſwallow preach,
Too late *Experience* doth teach,
*T*he Schoole-maſter of fooles,
*T*oo late I find the neſt I ſeek,
When all the birds are flowne,
Too late the ſtable doore I ſteeke,
When as the ſteed is ſtowne:
Too late ay, their ſtate ay,
As fooliſh folk eſpy.
Behind ſo, they finde ſo,
*R*emead, and ſo doe I.

15

If I had ripely beene adviſde,
I had not raſhly enterpriſde,
To ſoare with borrowed pens,
Nor yet had ſayde the Archer-craft,
To ſhoot my ſelfe with ſuch a ſhaft,
As *Reaſon* quitè miskens,
Fra *Wilfulnes* gave me my wound,
I had no force to flee,
Then came I groning to the ground
Friend welcome home (quoth he)
Where flew you? whom flew yee?
Or who brings home the booting?
I ſee now, quoth he now,
Ye have beene at the ſhooting.

16

As ſcorne comes commonly with skaith,
So I behovde to bide them baith,
So ſtaggering was my ſtate,
That under cure I got ſuch check,
Which I might not remove nor neck,
But either ſtaile or mait.
Mine agony was ſo extreame,
I ſwelt and ſwound for feare.
But ere I wakned off my dreame,
He ſpoild me of my geare.
With flight then on hight then,
Sprang *Cupid* in the skyes,
Forgetting, and ſetting,
At nought my careſull cries.

17

So long with ſight I followed him
VVhile both my dazeled eyes grew dimme,
Through ſtaring of the ſtarnes.
VVhich flew ſo thick before mine eyne,
Some red, ſome yellow, blew, and greene,
VVhich troubled all mine harnes.
That every thing appeared two,
To my barbuilied braine,
But long might I lye looking ſo,
Ere *Cupid* came againe.
VVhoſe thundring, with wondring
I heard up through the Aire.
Through clouds ſo, he thuddes ſo,
And flew I wiſt not where.

18

Then when I ſaw that god was gone,
And I in langour left alone,
And ſore tormented too.
Sometime I ſigh'd while I was ſad
Sometime I muſde, and moſt gone mad,
I doubted what to doe.
Sometime I rav'd halfe in a rage
As one into deſpare,
To be oppreſt with ſuch a page,
Lord if my heart was ſaire.
Like *Dido*, *Cupido*
I widdle and I warv.
Who reft mee, and left mee,
in ſuch a feirie farie.

Then

19

Then felt I *Courage* and *Desire*,
Inflame mine heart with uncouth fire,
To me before unknowne.
But then no blood in me remaines
Vnburnt or boyld within my braines
By loves bellowes blowne.
To drowne it ere I was devourde
With sighs I went about,
But ay the more I shoope to smoor'de,
The bolder it brake out,
Ay preasing, but ceasing,
While it might break the bounds
Mine hew so, foorth shew so,
The dolour of my wounds.

20

With deadly visage pale, and wan
More like Anatomie than man,
I withered cleane away.
As waxe before the fire *I* felt,
Mine heart within my bosome melt,
And piece and piece decay.
My veines by brangling like to break,
My punses lap with pith,
So fervency did mee infect,
That I was vext therewith:
Mine heart ay, it start ay,
The firie flames to flee
Ay howping, through lowping
To leape at libertie.

21

But (O alas) it was abuſde,
My carefull corps kept it incluſde,
In priſon of my breaſt.
With ſighs ſo ſopped and ou'rſet,
Like to a fiſh faſt in a net,
In deadthraw undeceaſt.
Which though in vaine, it ſtrives by ſtrength,
For to pul out her head,
Which profites nothing at the length,
But haſtning to her dead.
With thriſting and wriſting.
The faſter ſtill is ſho,
There I ſo, did lye ſo,
my death advancing to.

22

The more I wreſtled with the wind,
The faſter ſtil my ſelfe I finde,
No mirth my minde could meaſe.
More noy than I had never none,
I was ſo alterd and ou'rgone,
Through drouth of my diſeaſe,
Yet weakly as I might I raiſe.
My ſight grew dimme and dark,
I ſtaggered at the windling ſtrayes,
No token I was ſtark:
Both ſightles and mightles,
I grew almoſt at once;
In anguiſh, I languiſh,
With many grievous groanes.

23

With ſober pace yet I approach,
Hard to the River and the Roch,
Whereof I ſpake before,
The river ſuch a murmure made,
As to the ſea it ſoftly ſlade.
The Craige was ſtay and ſhore,
Then *Pleaſure* did me ſo provoke,
There partly to repaire,
Betwixt the River and the Rocke,
Where *Hope* grew with *Deſpare*,
A tree then, I ſee then
Of Cherries on the Braes.
Below too, I ſaw too,
A buſh of bitter Slaes.

24

The Cherries hang aboue mine head,
Like trickling Rubies round and red,
So high up in the Heugh:
Whoſe ſhadowes in the rivers ſhew,
As graithly as they grew.
On trembling twiſts and teugh.
Whiles bow'd through burden of their birth,
Declining downe their tops,
Reflexe of *Phœbus* off the firth,
Now coloured all their knoppes.
With dancing and glancing.
In tide as Dornick champe.
Which ſtreamed, and leamed,
Through lightnes of that lampe.

With

25

With earneſt eye while I eſpy,
That fruite betwixt me and the skye,
Halfe gate almoſt to Heaven,
The Craige ſo cumberſome to climb,
The tree ſo tall of growth and trim,
As any arrow even:
I calde to minde how *Daphne* did,
Within the Lawrel ſhrinke,
When from *Apollo* ſhe her hid,
A thouſand times I thinke.
That tree there, to mee there,
As ſhee his Lawrel thought,
Aſpyring, but tyring,
To get that fruite I ſought.

26

To climb that Craige it was no buite,
Yet bee to preaſe to pul the fruite,
In top of all the tree,
I know no way whereby to come,
By any craft to get it clum,
Appearandly to mee.
The Craige was ugly ſtay and dreigh,
The tree long ſound and ſmall,
I was affraide to climb ſo high,
For feare to fetch a fall.
Affrayed, I ſtayed,
And looked up aloft.
Whiles minting, whiles ſlinting
My purpoſe changed oft.

Then

27

Then *Dread* with *Danger* and *Despare*,
Forbade me minting any mare,
To raxe above my reach;
What? (tush quoth *Courage*) man go to,
He is but daft that hath to doe,
And spares for everie speach,
For I have oft heard sooth men say,
And we may see't our selves.
That Fortune helps the hardie ay,
And pultrons ay repels,
Then care not, and feare not,
Dread, *Danger*, nor *Despare*,
To hazards, hard hazards,
Is death or they come there.

28

Who speeds but such as high aspyres?
Who triumphs not, but such as tyres,
To win a noble name?
Of shrinking, what but shame succeeds,
Then doe as thou would have thy deeds,
In register of fame.
I put the case thou not prevailde,
So thou with honour die,
Thy life but not thy courage failde,
Shal Poets pen of thee.
Thy name then, from Fame then,
Can never be cut aff,
Thy grave ay, shal have ay,
That honest Epitaph.

29

What canſt thou loſſe when honour lives,
Renowne thy vertue ay revives,
If valiantly thou end.
(Quoth *Danger*) huly, friend, take head,
Vntimous ſpurring ſpilles the ſtead,
Take tent what yee pretend,
Thogh *Courage* counſel thee to climb,
Beware thou kep no skaith,
Have thou no helpe, but *Hope* and him,
They may beguile thee baith:
Thy ſell now, can tell now,
The counſel of theſe Clarkes,
Wherethrow yet, I trow yet,
Thy breaſt doth beare the marks.

30

Burnt bairne with fire the danger dreads,
So I believe thy boſome bleeds,
Since laſt that fire thou felt:
Beſides that ſeindle times thou ſees,
That ever *Courage* keeps the keyes,
Of knowledge at his belt.
Though he bid fordward with the Gunnes,
Smal powder he provides,
Be not a Novice of that Nunnes,
Who ſaw not both the ſides,
Fooles haſte ay, almaiſt ay,
Ou'rſyles the ſight of ſome,
Who luikes not, or huikes not,
What afterward may come.

31

Yet *Wisedome* wisheth thee to wey.
This figure in *Philosophy*,
A lesson worth to leare,
Which is in time for to take tent,
And not when time is past repent,
And buy repentance deare,
Is there no honour after life,
Except thou slay thy sel,
Wherefore hath *Atropus* that knife,
I trow thou canst not tell.
Who but it, would cut it,
Which *Clotho* scarce hath spun,
Destroying, the ioying,
Before it be begun.

33

All ou'rs are repute to be vice,
Ou'r high, ou'r low, ou'r rash, ou'r nice,
Ou'r hote, or yet ou'r cold,
Thou seemes unconstant by thy signes,
Thy thought is on a thousand things,
Thou wats not what thou would.
Let *Fame* her pitty on thee powre,
When all thy bones are broken,
Yon Slae suppose thou think it sowre,
Would satisfie to sloken.
Thy drouth now, of youth now,
Which dries thee with desire,
Asswage then, thy rage then,
Foule water quencheth fire.

what

33

What foole art thou to die a thirſt?
And now may quench it if thou liſt,
So eaſily but paine:
More honour is to vanquiſh ane,
Than fight with tenſome, and be tane,
And either hurt or ſlay,
The practick is to bring to paſſe,
And not to enterpriſe,
And as good drinking out of glaſſe,
As gold in any wiſe,
I lever, have ever,
A fowle in hand ertway,
Then ſeeing, ten flying,
About me all the day.

34

Looke where thou lights before thou loupe,
And ſlip no certainty for *Hope*
Who guides thee but begeſſe.
(Quoth Courage) cowards take no cure,
To ſit with ſhame, ſo they be ſure,
I like them all the leſſe.
VVhat pleaſure purchaſt is but paine,
Or honour won with eaſe,
He wil not lye where he is ſlaine,
Who doubts before he dies,
For feare then, I heare then,
But onely one remead,
VVhich lattis, and that is,
For to cut off the head.

35

What is the way to heale thine hurt?
What way is there to ſtay thy ſturt?
What meanes to make thee merrie?
What is the comfort that thou craves?
Suppoſe theſe Sophiſts thee deceaves,
Thou knowes it is the Cherrie.
Since for it onely thou but thirſts,
The Slae can bee no buite.
In it alſo thine health conſiſts,
And in none other fruite,
Why quakes thou, and ſhakes thou,
Or ſtudies at our ſtrife,
Adviſe thee, it lyes thee,
On no leſſe than thy life.

36

If any patient would be panſde,
Why ſhould he loupe when he is lanſde?
Or ſhrinke when he is ſhorne.
For I have heard Chirurgians ſay,
Oft-times deferring of a day,
Might not be mend the morne.
Take time in time, ere time be tint,
For time will not remaine,
What forceth fire out of the flint,
But as hard match againe.
Delay not, nor fray not,
And thou ſhall ſee it ſa:
Such gets ay, as ſets ay,
Stout ſtomackes to the brae.

Though

38

Though all beginning be moſt hard,
The end is pleaſant afterward,
Then ſhrinke not for no ſhowre,
When once that thou thy greening get,
Thy paine and travel is forget,
The ſweete exceeds the ſowre.
Goe to then quickly, feare no thir,
For *Hope* good hap hath height,
(Quoth *Danger*) be not ſudden, Sir,
The matter is of weight.
Firſt ſpy both, then try both,
Adviſement doth none ill:
Thou may then, I ſay then,
Be wilful when thou will.

37

But yet to minde the proverbe call,
Who uſes perils periſh ſhal:
Short while their life them laſts,
And I have heard (quoth *Hope*) that he
Should never ſhape to ſaile the ſea,
That for all perils caſts.
How many through *Deſpare* are dead,
That never perils priev'd,
How many alſo if thou read,
Of lives have we releiv'd
Who being, even dying,
But *Danger* but deſparde,
A hunder, I wonder,
But thou haſt heard declarde.

39

If we two hold not up thine heart,
Which is the chiefe and nobleſt part,
Thy works would not goe well,
Conſidering the companions can,
Diſſwade a ſilly ſimple man,
To hazard for his heale.
Suppoſe they have deceived ſome,
Ere we and they might meete,
They got not credance where we come,
In any man of ſprite.
By reaſon, their treaſon,
By us is plainely ſpyde:
Revealing, their dealing,
Which dow not be denyde.

40

With ſleekie Sophiſmes ſeeming ſweete,
As all their doing were diſcreet,
They wiſh thee to be wiſe,
Poſtponing time from houre to houre,
But faith in underneath the flowre
The lurking ſerpent lyes.
Suppoſe thou ſeeſt her not a ſtime,
While that ſhe ſting thy foote,
Perceives thou not what precious time,
Thy ſleuth doth overſhoote.
Alas man, thy caſe man,
In lingring I lament:
Goe to now, and doe now,
That Courage be content,

42

What if Melancholy come in,
And get a grip ere thou begin?
Then is thy labour loſt,
For he will hold thee hard and faſt,
Til time and place, and fruite be paſt,
And thou give up the ghoſt.
Then ſhal be graven upon that place,
Which on thy tombe is laid,
Sometime there liv'd ſuch one, alas,
But how ſhal it bee ſaid,
Heere lyes now, but priſe now,
Into diſhonours bed,
A cowart, as thou art,
Who from his fortune fled.

43

Imagine man, if thou were laid
In grave, and ſyne might heare this ſaid,
Would thou not ſweat for ſhame.
Yes faith, I doubt not but thou would,
Therefore if thou have eyes behold,
How they would ſmore thy fame,
Goe to and make no more excuſe,
Ere life and honour loſſe.
And either them or us refuſe,
There is no other choſe.
Conſider, togidder,
That we doe never dwell,
At length ay, but ſtrength ay.
The pultrons we expell.

Quoth

43

(Quoth *Danger*) since I understand,
That counsell can be no command,
I have no more to say.
Except if that you thinke it good,
Take counsel yet ere ye conclude,
Of wiser men then they.
They are but rackles, young and rash,
Suppose they thinke us fleit,
If so our fellowship ye fash,
Goe with them hardly be it.
God speed you, they lead you,
Who have not meekle wit.
Expel us, yee il tell us,
Heereafter comes not yet.

44

While *Danger* and *Despare* retir'de,
Experience came in, and spear'de
What all the matter meande,
VVith him came *Reason*, *Wit*, and *skill*,
Then they began to aske at *Will*,
VVhere make you to my friend?
To pluck yon lustie Cherrie, loe,
(Quoth he) and quyte the slae.
(Quoth they) is there no more adoe,
Ere yee win up the brae.
But doe it, and to it,
Perforce your fruite to pluck,
VVell brother, some other,
VVere better to conduct.

wee

45

We grant yee may be good enough,
ut yet the hazard of yon heugh,
equyres a graver guide.
As wise as yee are may goe wrang,
herefore take counsell ere ye gang,
f some that stands beside,
But who were yon three yee forbade,
our company right now,
(Quoth *Wil*) three preachers to perswade,
he poysonde Slae to pull,
They tratled and pratled.
A long halfe houre and mare,
Foul fal them, they call them,
Dread, Danger, and *Despare*.

46

They are more fashious than of feek,
on fazards durst not for their neck,
limb up the Craige with us,
Fra we determined to die,
r then to climbe the Cherrie tree,
hey bode about the bush.
They are conditionde like the Cat
hey would not weete their feete,
But yet if any fish we gate,
They would be apt to eate.
Though they now, I say now,
To hazard have no heart,
Yet luck we, or pluck wee.
The fruite they would not part.

But when we get our voyage wun,
They ſhal not then a Cherrie cun,
Who would not enterpriſe.
Well (quoth *Experience* ye boaſt,
But he that reckon'd but his hoaſt,
Oftimes he counteth twiſe:
Ye ſell the Bairesskin on his back,
But bide while ye it get,
When ye have done its time to crack,
Ye fiſh before the net,
What haſte ſir, ye taſte ſir.
The Cherrie ere yee pow it,
Beware ſir, ye are ſir,
More talkative nor trowit.

48

Call *Danger* back againe (quoth *Skil*
To ſee what he can ſay to *Wil*,
We ſee him ſhoad ſo ſtraite.
We may not trow what each one tels,
(Quoth *Courage*) we concluded els,
Heſerves not for our mate,
For I can tel you al perquiere,
His counſel ere he come,
(Quoth *Hope*) whereto ſhould he come here,
He cannot hold him dum.
He ſpeaks ay, and ſeeks ay,
Delayes oft times and drifts,
To grieve us, and dieve us.
With Sophiſtrie and ſhifts.

Quoth

57

(Quoth *Reason*) why was he debarde,
The tale is ill cannot be heard,
Let let us heare him anes.
Then *Danger* to declare began.
How *Hope* and *Courage* tooke the man,
To leade them all their lanes.
How they would have him up the hill,
But either stoppe or stay,
And who was welcomer than *Will*
He would be foremost ay,
He could doe, and should doe,
Who ever would or nought,
Such speeding proceeding,
Vnlikely was I thought.

58

Therefore I wisht him to beware,
And rashly not to run ou'r far,
Without such guides as yee.
(Quoth *Courage*) friend I heare you faile,
Take better tent unto your tale,
Ye said it could not bee.
Besides that, ye would not consent,
That ever we should clim,
(Quoth *Wil*) for my part I repent,
We saw them more than him.
For they are, the stayare,
Of us as wel as hee.
I thinke now, they shrinke now,
Goe forward let them bee.

51

Goe, goe, we doe nothing but guckes,
They ſay the voyage never luckes,
Where each one hath a vote.
(Quoth *Wiſedome*) gravely Sir I grant,
We were no worſe your vote to want,
Some ſentence now I note.
Suppoſe you ſpeake it but begeſſe,
Some fruite therein I finde,
Ye would be foremoſt I confeſſe,
But comes oft-times behind,
It may be, that they bee,
Deceiv d that never doubted,
Indeed ſir, that head ſir,
Hath meekle wit about it.

52

Then wilful *Will* began to rage,
And ſwore he ſaw nothing in age,
But anger, yre, and grudge.
And for my ſelfe (quoth he) I ſweare,
To quyte all my companions heere,
If they admit you iudge,
Experience is growne ſo old,
That he begins to rave,
The reſt but *Courage* are ſo cold,
No hazarding they have,
For *Danger*, farre ſtranger.
Hath made them than they were
Goe fra them, we pray them,
Who neither dow, nor dare,

why

53

Why may not wee three leade this one,
led an hundreth mine alone
ut counsel of them all.
I grant (quoth *Wisedome*) ye have led,
ut I would speere how many sped,
r furthered but a fall,
But either few, or none *I* trow,
xperience can tell,
He sayes, that man may wite but you,
he first time that hee fell,
He kens then, whose pens then,
Thou borrowed him to flee.
His wounds yet, which stounds yet
He got them then through thee.

54

That quoth *Experience* is true.
Will flattered him when first he flew,
Will set him in a low.
Will was his counsell and convoy,
Will borrowed from the blinded Boy
oth Quaver, wings and bow:
Wherewith before he say'd to shoote,
e neither yeeld to youth,
Nor yet had need of any fruite,
o quench his deadly drouth,
Which pines him, and dwines him,
To death I wot not how:
If *Will* then, did ill then,
Himselfe remembers now.

55

For I *Experience* was there,
Like as I vse to bee all where,
What time hee wited *Will*.
To be the ground of all his griefe,
As I my selfe can bee a priefe.
And witnes thereuntill.
Thereare no bounds but I have beene,
Nor hidlings from mee hid,
Nor secret things but I have seene.
That he or any did.
Therefore now, no more now,
Let him thinke to concealde,
For why now, even I now,
Am debtbound to reveald.

56

My custome is for to declare,
The truth, and neither eke nor paire,
For any man a ioate,
If wilful *Will* delytes in lyes,
Example in thy selfe thou sees.
How he can turne his coate,
And with his language would allure,
Thee yet to breake thy bones.
Thou knowes thy self if he be sure,
Thou vsde his counsell ones.
Who would yet, behold yet,
To wreak thee were not wee:
Thinke on you, on yon now,
Quoth wisedome then to mee,

57

Wel (quoth *Experience*) if hee,
ubmits himſelfe to you and mee,
wote what I ſhould ſay:
Our good adviſe he ſhall not want,
roviding alwayes that hee grant,
o put yon *Will* away.
And baniſh both him and *Deſpare*.
hat all good purpoſe ſpils,
So he will mell with them no mare,
Let them two flyte their fils.
Such coſſing, but loſſing,
All honeſt men may uſe,
That change now, were ſtrange now
(Quoth *Reaſon*) to refuſe.

58

(Quoth *Will*) fy on him when he flew,
hat powde not Cherries then a new,
or to have ſtaide his hurt,
(Quoth *Reaſon*) though he beare the blame,
e never ſaw nor needed them,
hile he himſelfe had hurt.
Firſt when he miſtred not, he might,
e needs and may not now,
hy folly when he had his flight,
mpaſhed him to pow,
Both hee now, and we now,
Perceives thy purpoſe plaine,
To turne him, and burne him,
And blow on him againe.

wel

Quoth

(Quoth *Skil*) what would wee longer ſtri
Far better late than never thrive.
Come let us helpe him yet.
Tint time we may not get againe,
We waſte but preſent time in vaine,
Beware with that quoth *Wit*.
Speak on *Experience* let ſee.
We think you hold you dumb,
Of bygones I have heard (quoth he)
I know not things to come:
Quoth *Reaſon*, the ſeaſon.
With ſlouthing ſlydes away.
Firſt take him, and make him,
A man if that you may.

60

(Quoth *Will*) if he be not a man,
I pray you ſirs what is he than,
He lookes like one at leaſt.
(Quoth *Reaſon* if he follow thee,
And minde not to remaine with mee,
Nought but a bruital beaſt.
A man in ſhape doth nought conſiſt,
For all your tanting tales,
Therefore, ſir, *Will* I would yee wiſt,
Your Metaphyſick failes.
Goe leare yet, a yeare yet,
Your Logick at the ſchooles,
Some day then, yee may then,
Paſſe *Maſter* with the Mules.

(Quoth

61

(Quoth *Will*) I marvel what you meane,
Should I not trow mine own two eyne,
For all your Logick schooles,
If I did not, I were not wise,
(Quoth *Reason*) I have told you thrise,
None ferlies more than fooles
There be more senses than the sight,
Which ye ov'rhaile for haste.
To wit, if ye remember right,
Smel, hearing, touch, and taste.
All quick things, have such things,
I meane both man and beast,
By kinde ay, we finde ay,
Few lackes them at the least.

62

So by that consequence of thine,
Or Syllogisme said like a swine,
A Kow may learne thee laire.
Thou uses onely but the eyes,
She touches, tastes, smels, heares, and sees,
Which matches thee and maire.
But sinee no triumph yee intend,
As presently appeares,
Sir, for your Clergie to be kend,
Take yee two asses eares,
No Miter, perfyter,
Got *Midas* for his meed:
That hood sir, is good sir,
To hap your braine-sick-head.

63

Ye have no feele for to defyne,
Though yee have cunning to decline,
A man to bee a moole,
With little work, yet yee may vowde,
To grow a gallant horse and good,
To ride thereon at Yoole,
But to our ground where wee began,
For all your gustlesse iests,
I must be master of the man,
But thou to brutal beasts,
So wee two, must bee two,
To cause both kinds be knowne,
Keep mine then, from thine then,
And each one use their owne.

64

Then *Will* as angry as an ape,
Ran ramping, swearing rude and rape,
Saw he none other shift.
He would not want an inch his will,
Even whether't did him good or ill,
For thirty of his thrift,
He would be formest in the field,
And master if he might:
Yea, hee should rather die than yeeld,
Though *Reason* had the right,
Shal he now, make mee now,
His subiect or his slave?
No rather, my father,
Shal quick goe to the grave.

65

I height him while mine heart is haile,
To periſh firſt ere he prevaile,
Come after what ſo may.
(Quoth *Reaſon*) doubt yee not indeed,
Yet hitte the naile upon the head,
It ſhall bee as yee ſay,
Suppoſe yee ſpur for to aſpire,
Your bridle wants a bit,
That marke may leave you in the myre,
As ſicker as yee ſit.
Your ſentence, repentance,
ſhall leave you I believe,
And anger, you langer,
When yee that practick prieve

66

As yee have dyted your decreet,
Your propheey to bee compleat,
Perhaps and to your paines,
It hath beene ſaid, and may be ſo.
A wilful man wants never woe,
Though he get little gaines,
But ſince ye thinkt an eaſie thing,
To mount above the Moone,
Of your owne fiddle take a ſpring,
And dance when yee have done.
If than ſir, the man ſir,
Like of your mirth hee may,
And ſpeare firſt, and heare firſt,
What he himſelfe will ſay.

67

Then altogether they began,
And ſaid, Come on thou martyrde man,
What is thy will? adviſe,
A baſde a bony while I ſtood,
And muſde ere I mine anſwere made.
I turnd me once or twiſe.
Beholding every one about,
Whoſe motions mo'vd me maiſt
Some ſeem'd aſſured, ſome dread for doubt,
Will ran red-wood for haiſt.
With wringing, and flinging,
For madnes like to mang;
Deſpare too, for care too,
Would needs himſelfe goe hang.

68

Which when *Experience* perceiv'd
(Quoth he) remember if I rav'de
As *Will* allegde of late.
When as he ſwore nothing he ſaw,
In age, but anger, ſlack, and ſlaw,
And cankred in conceite.
Ye could not lucke as he alledgde
Who all opinions ſpearde,
Hee was ſo frack, and firie edg'd
He thought us foure but feard,
Who panſes, what chanſes,
(Quoth hee) no worſhip wins,
To ſome beſt, ſhal come beſt,
Who hap wel, rack well rins,

yet

69

Yet (quoth *Experience*) behold,
For all the tales that ye have told,
How hee himſelfe behaves.
Becauſe *Deſpare* could come no ſpeed,
Loe, heere he hings all but the head,
And in a widdy waves,
If you be ſure, once thou may ſee,
To men that with them m els,
If they had hurt or helped thee,
Conſider by themſels.
Then chuſe thee, to uſe thee,
By us or ſuch as yon,
Syne ſoone now, have done now,
Make either off or on.

70

Perceiv'ſt thou not whereſra proceeds,
The frantick fantaſie that feeds,
Thy furious flamming fire.
Which doth thy bailfull bseſt combur,
That none indeed (quoth they) can cure,
Nor helpe thine hearts deſire.
The piercing paſſions of the ſpirit,
Which waſtes thy vitall breath,
Doth hold thine heavy heart with heate,
Deſire drawes on thy death.
Thy punces. pronounces.
All kinde of quyet reſt,
That fever hath ever,
Thy perſon ſo oppreſt.

71

Couldst thou come once acquaint with *Skil*,
Hee knowes what humours doth thee ill,
And how thy cares contracts,
Hee knowes the ground of all thy griefe,
And recipies of thy reliefe,
All medicines hee makes.
(Quoth *Skill*) come on content am I
To put mine helping hand,
Providing alwayes hee apply
To counsel and command.
While wee then, quoth he then,
Are minded to remaine,
Give place now, incace now,
Thou get us not againe.

72

Assure thy selfe if that we shed,
Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped,
Take heede wee have thee told.
Have done and drive not off the day,
The man that will not when he may,
He shal not when hee would.
What wilt thou doe: I would we wist,
Accept or give us ou'r
(Quoth I) I think me more than blest,
To finde such famous foure,
Beside mee, to guide mee,
Now when I have to doe:
Considering, what swidering:
Ye found me first into.

73

When *Courage* crav'd a ſtomack ſtout,
And *Danger* drave mee into doubt,
With his companion *Dread*,
Whiles *Wil* would up above the aire,
Whiles I am drownde in deepe *Deſpare*,
Whiles *Hope* held up mine head.
Such pithie reaſons and replies,
On every ſide they ſhew,
That I who was not very wiſe,
Thought all their tales were true,
So mony, and bony,
Old problemes they proponit
But quickly, and likely,
I marvell meekle on it.

74

Yet *Hope* and *Courage* wan the field.
Though *Dread* and *Danger* never yeeld,
But fled to finde refuge.
Yet when ye foure came, they were faine,
Becauſe ye gart us come againe,
The griende to get you iudge,
Where they were fugitive before,
Yee made them frank and free,
To ſpeak and ſtand in aw no more,
(Quoth *Reaſon*) ſo ſhould bee.
Oft-times now, but crymes now,
But even perforce it fals,
The ſtrong ay, with wrong ay,
Puts weaker to the wals.

75

Which is a fault ye muſt confeſſe
Strength was not ordained to oppreſſe
With rigour by the right,
But by the contrare to ſuſtaine,
The loaden which ov'rburthend beene,
As meckle as they might
So *Hope* and *Courage* did quoth I
Experimented like.
Show skilde and pithy reaſons why,
That *Danger* lap the dyke,
(Quoth *Danger*) ſir, take heed ſir,
Long ſpoken part muſt ſpill,
Inſiſt not, we wiſt not,
we went againſt our will.

76

With *Courage* ye were ſo content,
Ye never ſought our ſmal conſent,
Of us ye ſtood not aw:
Then Logick leſſons ye allowit,
And was determined to trowit,
Alleageance paſt for Law.
For all the proverbs wee peruſde,
Yee thought them skantly skild,
Our reaſons had beene as well ruſde,
Had ye beene as well wil'de,
To our ſide as your ſide,
So truely I may tearme it,
I ſee now, in thee now,
Affection doth affirm't.

77

Experience then ſmirking ſmilde,
Ve are no bairnes to be beguild,
Quoth he) and ſhooke his head,
For Authors who alledges us,
They ſtil would win about the bus,
To foſter deadly feede,
For wee are equal for you all.
No perſons wee reſpect.
We have been ſo, are yet, and ſhall
Be found ſo in effect.
If we were, as ye were,
We had comde unrequyrde,
But wee now, ye ſee now,
Doe nothing undeſirde.

78

There is a ſentence ſaid by ſome,
Let none uncald to counſell come,
That welcome weines to bee.
Yea I have heard another yet,
VVho came uncald, unſerv'd ſhuld ſit,
Perhaps ſir, ſo may yee,
Good-man, grande mercie for your gecke,
(Quoth *Hope*) and lowly lowts,
If yee were ſent for, we ſuſpect,
Becauſe the Doctours doubts.
Your yeares now, appeares now,
VVith wiſedome to be vext.
Reioycing in gloyſing
Till you have tint your text,

VVhere

79

Where yee were ſent for let us ſee,
Who would be welcomer than wee.
Prove that, and we are payde:
VVel (quoth *Experience*) beware,
You know not in what caſe you are,
Your tongue hath you betrayde.
The man may able tine a ſtot,
Who cannot count his kinch,
In your owne bow you are ov'rſhor,
By more then halfe an inch,
VVho wat ſir, if that ſir,
Is ſowre which ſeemeth ſweet,
I feare now, ye heare now,
A dangerous decreete.

80

Sir, by that ſentence yee have ſaid,
I pledge ere all the play bee plaid,
That ſome ſhall loſe a laike,
Since yee but put me for to prove,
Such heads as help for my behove,
Your warrand is but waike.
Speare at the man your ſelfe and ſee,
Suppoſe you ſtrive for ſtate,
If hee regrated not how hee,
Had learnd my leſſon late,
And granted, hee wanted,
Both *Reaſon*, *Wit*, and *skill*,
Compleaning, and meaning,
Our abſence did him ill.

81

Confront him further face for face,
ſ yet hee rewes his rackles race,
erhaps and ye ſhall heare.
For ay ſince *Adam* and ſince Eve,
Who firſt thy leaſings did believe,
ſold thy doctrine deare.
What hath beene done even to this day
keep in minde almaiſt,
Ye promiſe further than ye pay,
ir *Hope* for all your haſte.
Promitting unwitting,
Your heghts yee never hooked,
I ſhow you, I know you,
Your bygones I have booked,

82

I would incaee a count were crav'd,
ſhew thouſand thouſands thou deceivde,
Where thou was true to one,
And by the contrare I may vant,
Which thou muſt (though it grieve thee) grant
I trumped never a man.
But truely told the naked trueth,
To men that meld with mee.
For neither rigour, nor for rueth,
But onely loath to lie
To ſome yet, to come yet,
Thy ſuccour ſhall be ſlight,
Which I then, muſt try then
And regiſter it right,

83

Ha ha, (quoth *Hope*) and lowdly leugh,
Ye'r but a prentiſe at the pleugh
Experience yee prieve,
Suppoſe all bygones as yee ſpacke,
Ye are no Prophet worth a plack,
Nor I bound to believe:
Yee ſhould not ſay ſir till yee ſee,
But when yee ſee it, ſay:
Yet (quoth *Experience*) at thee
*M*ake many mints I may:
By ſignes now, and things now,
Which ay before mee beares,
Expreſſing, by geſſing,
the perill that appeares.

84

Then *Hope* replyde, and that with pith,
And wiſely weigh'd his words therewith,
Sententiouſly and ſhort,
(Quoth hee) I am the Anchor grip,
That ſaves the Sailers and their ſhip,
From perill to their port,
(Quoth hee) oft times that Anchor drives,
As wee have found before,
And loſes many thouſand lives,
By ſhipwrack on the ſhore.
Your grips oft, but ſlips oft,
When men have moſt to doe,
Syne leaves them, and reaves them,
of my companion too.

85

Thou leaves them not thy ſelfe alone,
But to their griefe when thou art gone.
Gars *Courage* quite them als
(Quoth *Hope*) I would ye underſtood,
I grip faſt if the ground be good,
And fleets where it is falſe,
There ſhould no fault with mee be found,
Nor I accuſde at all.
Wyte ſuch as ſhould have ſound the ground,
Before the Anchor fall:
Their leede ay, at neede ay,
Might warne them if they would
If they there, would ſtay there,
Or have good anchor-hold.

86

If yee read right it was not I,
But onely Ignorance whereby
Their Carvels all were cloven,
I am not for a trumper tane,
All quoth *Experience* is ane;
I have my peeceſſe proven,
To wit, that we were cald eachone,
To come before wee came,
That now obiection ye have none
Your ſelfe may ſay the ſame,
Ye are now too farre now,
Come forward for to flee,
Perceive then, ye have then,
The worſt end of the tree:

87

When *Hope* was gald into the quick,
(Quoth *Courage*) kicking at the prick:
Wee let you well to wit:
Make hee you welcomer than wee,
Then bygones bygones farewell he,
Except hee seeke us yet.
Hee understands his owne estate,
Let him his chistanes chuse,
But yet his battel will bee blate.
If hee our force refuse,
Refuse us or chuse us,
Our counsel is hee clim,
But stay hee, or stray hee,
We have none help for him.

88

Except the Cherrie be his chose,
Bee ye his friends, wee are his foes,
His doings we despite,
If we perceive him satled sa,
To satisfie him with the Slae,
His company we quite,
Then *Dread* and *Danger* grew so glad,
And wont that they had wun,
They thought all seald that they had said
Sen they had first begun,
They thought then they mought then,
Without a partie plead,
But yet there, with *Wit* there,
They were dung downe indeed,

sirs

Sirs *Dread* and *Danger* then (quoth *Wit*)
e did your ſelves to mee ſubmit,
xperience can prove.
That (quoth *Experience*) I paſt,
heir owne confeſſion made them faſt,
hey may no more remove.
For if I right remember mee,
his maxime then they made,
To wit, the man with *Wit* ſhould wey,
What *Philoſophs* had ſaid,
Which ſentence, repentance,
Forbade him deare to buy.
They knew then, how true then,
And preaſde not to reply,

90

Though hee dang *Dread* and *Danger* down,
et *Courage* could not overcome,
Hope heght him ſuch an hyre,
He thought himſelfe ſo ſoone he ſaw,
lis enemies were laid ſo law.
t was no time, to tyre.
Hee hit the yron while it was hait.
ncace it might grow cold,
For he eſteemde his foes defaite,
Vhen once he found them ſolde.
Though we now, quoth hee now.
Have beene ſo free and franke,
Vnſought yet ye mought yet,
For kindneſſe cund us thanke,

91

Suppose it so as thou hast said,
That unrequyrde wee offered aide,
At least it came of love.
Experience, yee start too soone,
Yee dow nothing while all be done,
And then perhaps yee prove,
More plaine than pleasant, too perchance,
Some tell that have you tryit,
As fast as you your selfe advance,
Ye dow not wel deny it.
Abide then, your tide then,
And waite upon the wind,
Ye know sir, ye ow sir,
To hold you ay behinde.

92

VVhen yee have done some doughty deed
Syne ye should see how all succeeds,
To write them as they were,
Friend, huly, haste not halfe so fast;
Lest (quoth *Experience*) at last,
Ye buy my doctrine deare,
Hope puts that haste into your head
VVhich boyles your barmie braine.
*How*beit Fooles haste comes hulie speede,
Faire heights make fooles be faine,
Such smyling, beguiling,
Bids feare not for no freets
Yet I now, deny now,
That al is gold that gleets

93

Suppose not silver all that shines,
Oft times a tentlesse Merchant tines,
For buying geare begesse,
For all the vantage and the winning,
Good buyers gets at the beginning,
(Quoth *Courage*) not the lesse
Whiles as good *Merchant* tines as wins,
fold mens tales bee true,
Suppose the pack come to pins,
Who can his chance eshew.
Then good sir, conclude sir,
Good buyers have done baith,
Advance then, take chance then,
As sundry good ships hath.

94

Who wist what would bee cheape or deare,
hould neede to traffique but a yeare,
f things to come were kend.
Suppose all bygones things be plaine,
our Prophecy is but prophane,
e're best behold the end.
Yee would accuse mee of a crime,
lmost before wee met:
Torment you not before the time.
ince dolour payes no debt:
What by past, that I past,
Ye wot if it was well,
To come yet, by doome yet,
Confesse ye have no feele.

95

Yet (quoth *Experience*) what than,
Who may be meeteſt for the man,
Let us his anſwere have.
When they ſubmitted them to mee,
To *Reaſon I* was faine to flee,
His counſell for to crave.
(Quoth he) ſince you your ſelves ſubmit,
To doe as I decreet,
I ſhal adviſe with *Skil* and *Wit*,
What they thinke may bee meete.
They cryde then, we byde then,
At Reaſon for refuge;
Allow him, and trow him,
As governour and iudge.

96

So ſaid they all with one conſent,
What he concluds we are content,
His bidding to obey,
Hee hath authority to uſe,
Then take his choſe whom he would chuſe,
And longer not delay.
Then *Reaſon* roſe and was reioyſde,
(Quoth he) mine hearts come hither,
I hope this play may bee compoſde,
That we may goe together.
To all now, I ſhall now,
His proper place aſſigne.
That they heere, ſhal ſay heere,
They thinke none other thing.

97

Come on (quoth he) companion Skill,
Ye understand both good and ill,
In Physick yee are fine.
Be medciner unto this man,
And shaw such cunning as yee can,
To put him out of paine.
First gard the ground of all his griefe,
What sicknes ye suspect,
Syne looke what hee lackes for reliefe,
Ere further he infect:
Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him your good advice,
And panse not, nor skanse not,
The perill nor the price.

98

Though it be cumbersome what recke
Finde out the cause by the effect,
And working of his veines,
Yet while we grip it to the ground,
See first what fashion may bee found,
To pacifie his paines,
Doe what ye dow to have him haile,
And for that purpose prease,
Cut off the cause, the effect must faile,
So all his sorrowes cease.
His fever, shall never,
From thencefoorth have no force,
Then urge him, to purge him.
He will not waxe the worse,

99

(Quoth *Skil*) his ſenſes are ſo ſicke,
I know no liquor worth a leeke,
To quench his deadly drouth,
Except the Cherrie help his heat,
Whoſe ſappy ſloking ſharp and ſweet,
Might melt into his mouth.
And his melancholy remove,
To mitigate his minde.
None wholeſomer for your behove,
Nor more cooling of kinde,
No *Nectar*, directar,
Could all the gods him give:
Nor ſend him, to mend him,
None like it I believe.

100

For drowth decayes as it digeſts,
Why then (quoth *Reaſon*) nothing reſts,
But how it may bee had.
Moſt true (quoth *Skil*) that is the ſcope,
Yet we muſt have ſome helpe of *Hope*,
(Quoth *Danger*) I am rad.
His haſtines breeds us miſhap,
When he is highly horſt,
I would wee looked ere wee lap,
(Quoth *Wit*) that were not worſt,
I meane now, conveene now,
The counſell one and all,
Begin then, cal on then,
(Quoth *Reaſon*) ſo I ſhall,

Then

101

Then *Reaſon* roſe with geſture grave,
Belyve conveening all the lave.
To ſee what they would ſay,
With ſilver ſcepter in his hand.
As Chiftane choſen to command.
And they bent to obey,
He panſed long before he ſpake,
And in a ſtudy ſtood,
Syne hee began and ſilence brake,
Come on (quoth he) conclude,
What way now, we may now.
Yon Cherrie come to catch:
Speak out ſirs, about ſirs,
Have done, let us diſpatch.

102

(Quoth *Courage*) ſcourge him firſt that skars
Much muſing memory but marres.
I tell you mine intent.
(Quoth *Wit*) who will not partly panſe,
In perils periſhes perchance,
Ov'r rackles may repent.
Then (quoth *Experience*) and ſpake,
Sir, I have ſeene them baith,
In bairnlines and lye aback,
Eſcape and come to skaith.
But what now, of that now.
Sturt followes all extreames.
Retaine then, the meane then,
The ſureſt way it ſeemes.

103

VVhere ſome hes further'd, ſome hes faild,
VVhere part hes periſht, part prevaild,
Alike all cannot lucke.
Then either venture with the one,
Or with the other let alone
The Cherrie for to plucke.
(Quoth *Hope*) for feare folke muſt not faſh,
(Quoth *Danger*) let not light,
(Quoth *Wit*) bee neither rude nor raſh,
(Quoth *Reaſon*) yee have rtght.
The reſt then, though beſt then,
When *Reaſon* ſaid it ſo,
That roundly, and ſoundly,
They ſhould together goe.

104

To get the Cherrie in all haſte,
As for my ſafety ſerving maiſt,
Though *Dread* and *Danger* feard.
The peril of that irkſome way,
Leſt that thereby *I* ſhould decay,
VVho then ſo weake appearde,
Yet *Hope* and *Courage* hard beſide,
VVho with them wont contend.
Did take in hand us for to guide,
Vnto our iourneyes end,
Impleadging, and waidging,
Both two their lives for mine.
Providing, the guiding,
To them were granted ſyne,

105

Then *Dread* and *Danger* did appeale,
Alledging it could not be well,
Nor yet would they agree.
But said they should found their retreate
Because they thought them no wise meete,
Conductores unto mee.
Nor to no man in mine estate,
With sicknes sore oppreſt,
For they tooke ay the neareſt gate,
Omitting oft the beſt,
Their neareſt, perqueareſt,
Is alwayes to them both.
Where they sir, may say sir,
What recks them of your skaith.

106

But as for us two, now we sweare,
By him before whom we appeare,
Our ful intent is now,
To have you whole, and alway was,
That purpose for to bring to passe,
So is not theirs I trow.
Then *Hope* and *Courage* did atteſt,
The gods of both these parts,
If they wrought not all for the beſt
Of mee with upright hearts.
Our Chiftane, than liftane,
His scepter did enioyne.
No more there, uproare there,
And so their strife was done,

Rebuiking *Dread* and *Danger* sore,
Suppose they meant well evermore
To me as they had sworne,
Becauſe their neighbours they abuſde,
In ſo farre as they had accuſde,
Them, as ye heard beforne.
Did ye not elſe (quoth he) conſent,
The Cherry for to pow?
(Quoth *Danger*) we are well content,
But yet the maner how.
We ſhal now, even all now,
Get this man with us there.
It reſt is, and beſt is,
Your counſel ſhall declare.

108

Wel ſaid (quoth *Hope* and *Courage*) now,
We thereto will accord with you,
And ſhall abide by them
Like as before we did ſubmit,
So wee repeate the famine yet,
We minde not to reclaime.
Whom they ſhal chuſe to guide the way,
Wee ſhal him follow ſtraight,
And further this man what we may,
Becauſe wee have ſo height.
Promitting, but flitting,
To doe the thing we can,
To pleaſe both, and eaſe both,
This ſilly ſickly man.

109

When *Reason* heard this then quoth hee,
I see your chiefest stay to bee,
That we have nam'd no guide.
The worthy counsel hath therefore,
Thought good that *Wit* should goe before,
For perils to provide.
(Quoth *Wit*) there is but one of three,
Which I shall to you show,
Whereof the first two cannot bee.
For any thing I know.
The way heere, so stay heere,
Is that wee cannot clim,
Even ov'r now, we foure now,
That will bee hard for him.

110

The next, if we goe downe about,
While that this bend of Craiges run out,
The streame is there so starke.
And also passeth wading deepe,
And broader farre than we dow leape,
It should be idle work.
It growes ay broader nere the sea,
Sen over the lin it came
The running dead doth signifie,
The deepnes of the same.
I leave now, to deave now,
How that it swiftly slides,
As sleeping, and creeping,
But nature so provides.

111

Our way then lyes about the Lin,
Whereby a warrand we ſhal win,
It is ſo ſtraight and plaine,
The water alſo is ſo ſhald,
We ſhal it paſſe even as we wald,
With pleaſure and but paine.
For as we ſee the miſchief grow,
Oft of a feckles thing.
So likewiſe doth this river flow,
Foorth of a pretty ſpring.
Whoſe throat ſir, I wot ſir,
You may ſtop with your neives
As you ſir, I trow ſir,
Experience can prieve.

112

That (quoth *Experience*) I can,
All that yee ſaid ſen yee began,
I know to be of truth,
(Quoth *Skill*) the ſamine I approve,
(Quoth *Reaſon*) then let us remove,
And ſleepe no more in ſleuth,
Wit and *Experience* (quoth he)
Shall come before apace,
The man ſhall come with *Skill* and mee,
Into the ſecond place.
Attour now, you foure now,
Shall come into a band.
Proceeding, and leading,
Each other by the hand:

As

113

As *Reaſon* ordeinde all obeyde,
None was ov'r raſh, nor none affraide
Our counſel was ſo wiſe:
As of our iourney *Wit* did note,
We found it true in every iote,
God bleſ'd our interpriſe.
For even as wee came to the tree,
Which as yee heard mee tell,
Could not be clum, there ſuddenly
The fruite for ripenes fell.
Which haſting, and taſting,
I found my ſelfe relievde.
Of cares all, and ſares all,
Which minde and body grievde.

114

Praiſe be to God my Lord therefore,
Who did mine health to mee reſtore
Being ſo long time pinde.
Yea bleſſed bee his holy Name,
Who did from death to life recleame,
Mee who was ſo unkinde,
All Nations alſo magnifie,
This everliving Lord,
Let me with you, and you with mee,
To laude him ay accord.
Whoſe love ay, wee prove ay,
To us above all things:
And kiſſe him, and bleſſe him,
Whoſe Glore eternall rings,

I Have ſinned, O Father bee mercyfull to mee,
I am not worthy to be cald thy child.
That ſtubbornly ſo long have gone aſtray,
Not as thy Son, but as the prodigal wilde,
My ſilly ſoule with ſinne is ſo defilde.
That Sathan thinks to catch it as a prey,
LORD grant me grace that he may be beguild
Peccavi Pater, miſerere mei.

I am abaſde, how dare I bee ſo bold,
Before thy godly preſence to appeare.
Or hazard once the Heavens for to behold,
Who am not worthy that the earth ſhuld beare
Yet damne me not, whom thou haſt bought ſo deare
Sed ſalvum me fac, dulcis fili Dei.
For out of *Luke* this leſſon we doe leare
Peccavi Pater miſerere mei.

If thou, O Lord with rigour wouldſt revenge
What fleſh before thee faultles ſhal be found?
Or who is he his conſcience can him cleanſe,
To ſin and Sathan from his birth's not bound,
Yet of meer grace thou tookſt away the ground
And ſent thy Son our penalty to pay.
To ſave us from that hideous hels honnd,
Peccavi Pater miſerere mei.

I hope for mercy, although my ſins be huge,
I grant my guilt, and grone to thee for grace,
Though I would flee, where ſhuld I find refuge
To Heaven O Lord, there is thy dwelling place?
The

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BRITAN

The earth thy foote-ſtoole, and to the hels alace
Downe goes the dead, for all muſt thee obey,
Therefore I cry while I have time and ſpace,
Peccavi Pater miſerere mei.

O Gracious God, my guiltines forgive,
*I*n ſinners death, ſince thou haſt no delite.
But rather would they ſhould convert & live:
As doe witnes the *P*rophets in holy write,
I pray thee, Lord, thy promiſe to perfite,
In mee, that I may with the Pſalmiſt ſay,
I will thy praiſe and wondrous works indite,
Therefore deare Father be merciſull to mee.

*T*hough I doe ſlide, let mee not ſleepe in ſlueth
Mee to revive from ſin, let grace begin,
*M*ake Lord my tongue, the trumpet of thy truth
And lend my verſe ſuch wings as are divine,
Since thou haſt granted mee ſo good ingyne,
To praiſe thy name with gallant ſtile & gay,
*L*et me no more ſo trim a talent tine.
Peccavi Pater miſerere mei,

My *S*prit to ſpeak, let thy ſptit, Lord inſpyre,
Helpe holy Ghoſt, and be mine heavenly Muſe,
Flie downe on mee with forked tongues of fire,
As on th'A poſtles, with thy feare mee infuſe,
All vice expel, teach me ſin to refuſe,
And all my filthy affections, I thee pray,
Thy fervent love on mee powre night and day,
Peccavi Pater miſerere mei.

Stowp ſtubborne ſtomack that hath been ay ſo
Stowp filthy fleſh & carion made of clay (ſtout

Stowp hardned heart before thy Lord & lowts
Stowp, stoup in time, defer not day by day,
Thou wots not when that thou may passe away
To the great glore where thou must be for ay,
Confesse thy sins, and thinke no shame to say,
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.
O great Iehovah to thee all glore be given.
Who shoop my soule to thy similitude, (heaven
And to thy Son whom thou sentst downe from
When I was lost He boght me with his blood,
And to the holy ghost, my guider good.
Who must confirme my faith in the right way,
In me cor mundum crea, I conclude,
O Heavenly Father be merciful to mee.

The Solsequium.

LIke as the dumb *Solsequium*, with care orecom
Doth sorrow when the sun goes out of sight
Hangs downe her head, and droups as dead, & wil not spread,
But lurks her leaves throgh langour al the night
Til foolish *Phaeton* arise with whip in hand,
To cleare the chrystal skies, & light the land:
Birds in their bowre, waite on that houre,
And to their King a glad good morrow gives,
From thence that flowre, likes not to lowre.
But laughs on *Phœbus* opning out her leaves.
So stands 'twith me, except I be, where I may see
My lampe of light, my Ladie, ann my love
Wheu

When she departs, ten thousand darts in sundry
Thirle throgh my heavy heart but rest or roove
My countenance declares mine inward griefe,
And *Hope* almost despares to finde relieſe.
I die, I dwine, play doth me pine,
I loath on every thing I looke, alace,
While *Titan* mine, upon me shine,
That I revive through favour of her grace.

Fra she appeare into her spheare, begins to clear
The dawning of my long desired day,
Then *Courage* cries, on *Hope* to rise, fra she espies
The noysome night of absence went away,
No woe can me awake, nor yet impesh,
But on my stately stalk I flowrish fresh.
I spring, I sprout, my leaves break out,
My colour changes in an heartsome hew;
No more I lout, but stands up stout,
As glad of her, on whom I only grew,

O happy day, go not away, *Apollo* stay
Thy Cart from going downe into the West/
Of me thou mak, thy Zodiack, that I may take
My pleasure to behold whom I love best,
Her presence me restores from life to death,
Her absence also shores to cut my breath,
I wish in vaine, thee to remaine,
Since *primum mobile* doth say me nay,
At least thy wane, hast soone againe,
Farewel with patience perforce til day.

Declina à malo, & fac bonum.

Leave sin, ere sin leave thee, doe good,
And both without delay.
Lesse fit he will to morrow bee,
Who is not fit to day:

Non tardes converti ad DEVM.

His Morning Muse.

LEt dread of paine for sin in after time,
Let shame to see thy selfe ensnared so,
Let griefe conceiv'd for foule accursed crime,
Let hate of sin the worker of thy woe,
With dread, with shame, with griefe, with hate, enforce,
To dew thy cheeks with teares of deep remorse

So hate of sin shal make Gods love to grow,
So griefe shal harbour hope within thine heart
So dread shal cause the flood of ioy to flow,
So shame shal send sweet solace to thy smart,
So love, so hope, so ioy, so solace sweet
Shal make thy soule in heavenly blesse to fleet

Woe where none hate doth no such love allure
wo where such grief maks no such hpoe proced
Wo where such dread doth no such ioy procure
wo where such sham doth not such solace breed
Wo where no hate, no grief, no dread, no shame
No love, no hope, no ioy, no solace frame.

FINIS

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